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THE OUTLOOK.

Italy is not ready for an aggressive movement upon Abyssinia, but she takes care to further her ends by conciliating some of the restless native tribes that are hostile to that power. Very recently she sent to King Menelek of Shoa 2,000 camels' loads of goods as a gift, containing principally rifles and ammunition; and now we hear that this impulsive chief has declared war against King John—which looks as though Italy might accomplish by indirection what she hesitates to attempt by deliberate attack.

Undoubtedly the cheapest, most speedy and most effective method of providing for our coast defence is that proposed in Senator Stewart's bill for pneumatic "torpedo-throwers." He would have batteries of from ten to twenty of these powerful guns so planted as to protect the approaches to every one of our large seaboard cities—250 guns in all, each to cost not more than \$40,000, and each capable of throwing steel torpedoes charged with not less than 500 pounds of dynamite, or other explosive, a distance of five miles. The total appropriation called for is \$10,000,000. It would cost ten times as much to erect and equip fortifications of equal power; and the latter would require one hundred times the force to man them than would be the case with the pneumatic batteries.

The course pursued by the London "Times" in the Parnell investigation, long ago convinced outsiders that it had little faith in the genuineness of the letters on which it once laid its chief stress; and preferred rather to exhaust both the patience and the purse of the defence by interminable testimony against the League than to summon expert skill to determine the authenticity of Mr. Parnell's signatures. It now appears that not only were the letters forged, but that the name of the forger is known—one Richard Pigott, "a notorious blackmailer, whose duplicity as a professional friend of the Irish cause has several times been exposed." If this be true, the *Times* has no further case. It should close the prosecution, confess itself imposed upon, make the *amende honorable*, and henceforth champion the cause of the leader whom it has so long and malignantly persecuted.

Russian jealousy at the ascendancy of English influence in Persia calls fresh attention to the thinly-disguised purpose of the first-named power to reach the Indian Ocean by way of the Persian Gulf. This purpose has been evident from the gradual encroachment of Russia upon the northern frontier of the Shah's empire, "the conversion of the Caspian Sea into a Russian lake," and the operations in the Afghan territory at the east of Persia. With Herat in her possession, it would be far easier for Russia to fall back and possess herself of Persia than to move forward and fight England for the control of India. Persia has been sensible of her danger, especially since the completion of the trans-Caspian railway, and has shown great deference to Russian interests. But England has lately grown suspicious, and by sending Sir Drummond Wolff as minister to Teheran, has succeeded in so completely checkmating Russian influence in the capital and in curtailing certain commercial enterprises and privileges which that nation has previously enjoyed, that great indignation has been aroused in St. Petersburg, and there is talk of sending an ultimatum to Persia. The Shah, however, must know that England has no designs upon her territory, and that it is safer to trust the latter power than Russia.

It was not for lack of money in France that De Lesseps' final effort to save the Panama Canal from financial ruin failed. The Russian loan readily obtained subscriptions in Paris last week to bonds whose face value represented 1,250,000,000 francs. Nor was it for lack of earnest solicitation. For over three months the Canal Company has been trying to mortgage its shares in the Panama Railroad for 40,000,000 francs, but without success. The French government has been appealed to by avert the awful disaster of bankruptcy by coming to the rescue, but the previous assurances given to our government of official non-interference, if nothing else, deterred them. The fact is, the French people had lost faith in the enterprise. There was a spasm of vitality as the crisis approached last week; shares were purchased at a feverish rate, and the venerable De Lesseps climbed upon a table in the Company's office, and with melodramatic effusiveness declared that "the Canal is made." But the statement of his son that same night that only 180,000 of the 800,000 bonds had been taken, and the decline of the market value of the shares on the Bourse to their lowest point, closed all hope. It is not to the credit of De Lesseps' sincerity that at the very moment when, with profuse promises, he was begging the people to make this last investment, he was privately urging the government to defer payment of interest on these and all other bonds for four or five years, and to permit the present company to sell out to a new company. The funded debt of the Company

amounts to \$350,000,000, and the outstanding obligations to \$50,000,000 more. The work done on the Canal is but the merest fraction. The liquidation of the Company will carry disaster to every hamlet in France.

The recent cabinet in Spain went to pieces, it appears, on the finance question, the opposing party being too strong in the committee on ways and means. This would seem to indicate that Spain, though for a long time quiescent, is not politically dead; that she has been making progress in administrative ideas until, in some respects, she may claim to stand side by side with such a power as Great Britain. Other facts point to a gratifying development. More than 7,000 miles of railroad lines have been laid down within the past thirty years. Both postal and census statistics indicate a surprising increase. Lately the Cortes has passed a bill granting, practically, universal suffrage. The people feel the impulse of liberal ideas, and are freeing themselves from the fetters of the past. Spain begins, too, to interest herself in European politics. That Italy should unite with Germany and Austria in a triple alliance, has caused so much discontent that Senor Castelar has been designated to go to Rome in order to induce Italy to withdraw from the offensive compact, and to persuade her to try to form, with Spain, France and Belgium, a Latin alliance. The famous orator and statesman may not be successful in this difficult role, in the existing state of feeling between France and Italy, but his mission is significant of the re-appearance of Spain as a factor in European politics.

THEOLOGY AND REASON.

BY PROFESSOR HORDEN F. BOWNE.

[The substance of an address delivered before the students of Boston University School of Theology, Dec. 10, 1888, in response to the question, "How far may we go in attempting to rationalize our Theology?" Specially reported for ZION'S HERALD.]

HOW far shall we go in rationalizing our theology? Just as far as we can. Use reason just as far as it will go; only be sure that it is reason. The trouble with rationalism is not the rational, but the *ism*. It has palmed off the veriest conceits and superficialities as the last utterances of reason. We welcome everything that is rational, believing that the universe is rational, and that it would appear so to us did we see all.

What is reason? What is rational? First, that is rational which accords with the fundamental laws of thought. Second, that is rational which is viewed as fitting into an intelligible system. Third, that is rational which has in its evidence of purpose, outcome, final cause. On the other hand, that is irrational which violates any of the fundamental laws of thought, or which fits into no system, or which has no rational end, or means nothing.

We believe that, if we knew all, the world and Christianity would be seen to be rational in all these senses. The world would be seen as an expression of the Supreme Reason. All its various factors would be seen fitting into a system and all co-operating to a rational end. All would be perfectly clear, perfectly righteous, perfectly good. In this sense we are all rationalists. But this insight we do not now possess. The interpretation of the universe is beyond our comprehension as yet.

In any system we have two things—
Facts and Theories about Facts.

If we knew all, we should be able, we believe, to give a rational explanation of every fact. But we do not know all. Hence we are shut up often merely to the recognition of facts of which we can give no further account. This is true in the external world. We speak of the outer world as an expression of reason, of the Supreme Reason. But it is mainly a mass of facts. We speak of the reign of law; but we can only trace it here and there. What shall we do? In the early ages of thought they bent the facts to the theory. They went out and told Nature what she should be. Because the circle was regarded as the perfect figure, therefore, it was inferred, the planets must move in circular orbits; for the Supreme Intelligence would not give them an imperfect orbit. Men undertook to force their notions upon the physical world, and found nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit. Not till the time of Bacon did men learn that that order must be traced right around; and that not till they approached nature as little children, as learners, would she unfold to them her secrets. We have come to recognize this in physical science. Theories must give way to facts.

We believe still in a universal reign of law. Some time, somewhere, we expect to understand these things. There is still a standpoint from which all these things will fall into order. But that is not yet. As the outcome of ages of vanity and nothingness, men learned to accept facts and adapt the theories to them. We cannot now interpret nature through and through; but we have learned self-control. We believe that at last everything must be reduced to order. We hold our theories with a certain degree of looseness.

Thus much we learn from the world of physical science. I doubt if in theology we have learned the same lesson. We have in our Bible many statements of Christian facts. In our theologies we have attempts to rationalize these. This is perfectly natural and reasonable. Precisely the same law of reason impels us here as in nature. Here again we believe that, if we knew all, the clouds and the darkness that are round about Him would vanish, and that righteousness and judgment would be seen to be the habitation of His throne.

Suppose the facts do not admit of being made perfectly transparent to our intellect, what are we to do? We must proceed as in nature—hold to the facts and wait for

the theory. Of course we must first be persuaded that some one competent to speak has given us a revelation on these matters. Stick to the facts, and be somewhat wary of interpretations, but do not confound the interpretation with the fact, lest when the interpretation vanishes, your belief in the fact go too. Take, for example, the doctrine of the Atonement. We have here first a declaration of a fact. It is represented as a great work of love, the great hope of our spirits, of our blessedness, of our life. We ask, How did it come about? Why? Then arise our theories about it; as imputed righteousness, satisfaction—which after all has not satisfied—governmental exigencies, moral influences. These theories are shadows of a great truth in them. But they are not to be taken in dead literalness; if so, they are ruinous to conscience and all conception of justice. The theories are shadows of the facts, each shadow giving part of the truth. What shall we do? I for myself feel lost among these theories, and come back with great satisfaction to the Scripture fact: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Hold the theory if it satisfies us, but do not identify the theory with the fact. Possibly the theory of the Atonement, the essential reason of it, lies beyond our reach as yet, in the divine nature itself. What shall we do? Write a letter to the Bishop, and leave the church? Many have done so. Finding the theories untenable and supposing the facts gone with the theories, they themselves have gone after them!

Some of us have got so far as to hold the facts without theories. We go pretty lightly armed as to theory. But the gospels are more precious to us than ever. The philosophical and hidden rationale of the matter we may do without. Explanations that do not explain only add to our embarrassment; for we then have the explanation to unravel as well as the facts.

Another question, about the future, about future punishment, retribution—it troubles many. It troubles all who think. Some invent theories to remove the difficulty; for example, the theory of conditional immortality or continued probation. I am free to confess that, from my present standpoint, I could work the scheme better on that hypothesis. But what we think about things does not affect the things themselves. Will your theory give conditional immortality, if you decide to have it? Suppose you rise in rebellion against the fact of future retribution; will that change the fact? As earnest men who are unwilling to hang out false beacons, it becomes us to cling to the facts and stick to some sure word if we find it. I do not find conditional immortality taught in the Scriptures. I wish I did. The evangelists who will bring this fairly out so that we can accept it with a good conscience—of him will I accept it. Until it is proven incontestably, can any earnest man teach it?

A great flourish is being made over

The Divine Goodness. Of course anything that formally contradicts it must be set aside. But are we in a condition to say what the Divine goodness can do. I wish I could interpret the Divine goodness as easily as some of my acquaintances! What are the concrete contents of the Divine goodness and the Divine wisdom? Can we determine? Look at this world. I suppose if God is good anywhere, He is good here—and good now. But what an awful world this is, with its pain and sorrow and wretchedness and slaughter extending all through its history! We talk of progress. A scanty stream of progress we think we see running through a boundless swamp of festering humanity. Would a good man do this? Would a good man do any of the things that the good God is doing every day? Last year He drowned millions of Chinamen in the Yellow River. A few years before, He starved other millions of Hindus to death. "The whole creation groanseth and travaileth in pain together until now." We are not able to determine what a good God will do, by any *a priori* reflection.

Then what would not Divine wisdom do? What beauty and perfection we should expect! But look at the actual world—slag and slime and fire, and parasites, bacteria, poisonous and pestilent. What did He want them for? How do they set forth the Divine glory or perfections? They are nuisances and blots and disgraces from our standpoint. Your interpretations from principles do not all agree with the facts.

If we cannot interpret these things that are in sight, can we interpret facts that are out of sight? It seems to me that we are not in a position to determine. Of course we reject what formally contradicts faith in divine goodness, but we cannot tell what that goodness implies except in a formal way. Do these things shake my faith? Not in the least. True, they do not strengthen it. That is a part of our burden here. We trust where we cannot see, and believe where we cannot understand.

Suppose we throw away the Bible; are we any better off? Does everything become transparent? The Bible does not create these problems. It recognizes the difficulties. The mystery has never been more strongly stated than by Paul: "The whole creation groaneth," etc. But the whole solution is not given now. We are given to understand that we shall not know now, but hereafter. And if we accept the character of God as revealed by Christ, we can trust Him out of our sight. Heretofore we have wanted to keep an eye on Him. Having made that revelation, it would seem that God—to speak reverently—fell back on His own divine dignity, and declined further questioning. When we say, "How can these things be?" He answers: "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me. You are too limited, too embryonic, to enter into all these things." But we can always rest surely upon this: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him, also, freely

give us all things?" He can be trusted to do right.

I used to theorize more than I do of late about these things. I even made a shift to get on without any theory in many things. Some things must be put off till to-morrow, and some longer. But in the mean time I know some valuable truths about God. Though I may not understand, I believe that His great and gracious will and His great and gracious plans are being wrought out.

I began to speak of

Future Punishment, but digressed from it. It lies heavy upon our hearts very often. Nor have I much respect for the person to whom it is a simple and easy matter; he is either very heartless or very thoughtless. But what are the facts as represented by Christ? We are told of a doom, a shame and confusion, a loss and woe unspeakable. Our sympathies are stirred, and we say, "No, it won't do." But who said these things? The worst things on future punishment were said by Christ. Suppose He didn't know, but only gave His opinion? Then it becomes your opinion against His. Who is more likely to know—you or the Lord Jesus? Instead of saying that Christ did not know or was hard-hearted, I personally prefer to say this: The Lord Jesus was as loving as I am and as wise; if He could speak as He did, there must be some point from which these difficulties would disappear. No one was more tender or sympathetic or loving than He. So I prefer on that point to add one more burden to the load I already carry, and to go on trying to be a ready ear, and to go on trying to be a ready eye, trying to live in submission to God's will, leaving to Him to unfold His own justification in the future. And that is the best way. History shows many failures of those who were offended in heart or feeling and stepped aside and determined to make their way alone. Rejecting the authority of Christ and the apostles, they trusted to their intuitions, of which they had a good stock. But their intuitions came into collision with some other man's, and they tended toward and often ended in blank atheism. Churches where Christ's authority is not acknowledged are dying before our eyes. I believe it, therefore, to be the more rational position to trust God, to keep to the facts of revelation, and trust Him to vindicate His system. The same difficulties are common to this and all other systems. We must leave them for the future.

But we often make ourselves more trouble than we are warranted in doing. We have a good many notions about the future which are purely mythological, the outcome of barbaric times. Then we take upon ourselves to determine who are saved and who are not. This is bottomless folly. Judgment is ours. We have to proclaim the love and righteousness of God, the beauty and the duty of holiness, and the shame, the folly and the awful danger of sin. Judgment belongs to God, and there we should leave it. Of one thing we are sure: God is not trying to take advantage of men or to compass their ruin; and if any one does fall of eternal life, it will be his own fault.

I don't know whether this talk has been worth while or not. If there are any of you who do not understand these things, it is well that they have been said. I do not like to hear anybody disparaging the authority of Christ and the apostles. He will go farther and fare worse. I do not like to hear persons talking too fluently about the Divine goodness, for commonly they have only a goody goodness in mind. I fall back upon my faith in God. I believe that the Judge of all the earth will do right. He has not revealed Himself fully to our understanding. His scheme is infinite and eternal. Some critics are like a private who is sent out by his general to hold a certain post. After a while he sends to the general to learn the plan of the campaign; he is "not sure that everything is going on all right; if the general would come out and explain he would take it as a great favor, but if he don't—if he don't!"

[Here Professor Bowne abruptly closed his address amidst prolonged applause from the students.]

TRANSATLANTIC ECHOES.

BY "WESTMINSTER."

YOUR correspondent, trying to keep an omniscient eye and an alert ear for the signs of the times in both hemispheres, is much impressed by the remarkable similarity between the conditions and problems which now interest and perplex the English-speaking people on both sides the sea. Labor questions, temperance legislation, immigration difficulties, creed controversies, ultramontane and sectarian demands, popular education, the housing of the poor, the *crux* of the city and its demands on Christianity;—as my eye passes from the Boston, or New York, or Chicago, to the London, Glasgow, or Liverpool newspaper, I find these identical topics filling the minds of men and women, the discussion varied only by geographical conditions.

"Practical Socialism." The innocent word "socialism," made ugly by its association with infidelity, is beginning to grow respectable and even lovely by its "christening." Practical Christianity is the true socialism, and the churches are coming to understand that a Christianity from which the humanities are excluded is not Christianity at all. The twentieth century will witness a marvelous and blessed development of busy, benevolent, "practicable socialism"—that is, of the active spirit of Christ, "who Himself bare all our sicknesses and healings all our diseases."

Rev. Samuel A. Barnett and his wife, both highly-cultured and gifted, have toiled for fifteen years in Whitechapel. They have each often written for magazines and reviews timely and suggestive articles on the condition of the people, to whose bodies and minds as well as souls they have so laboriously ministered. A number of these essays are published in a volume under the title, "Practical

Socialism." The East End is underfed; such food as the people get is insufficient and unsuitable for the maintenance of robust health. Wages are so low that enough in quantity or variety cannot be obtained. Relief funds have not always been wisely administered. Indiscriminate charity develops mendicancy. Mr. Barnett recommends the organization of unskilled labor; organization of helpers of the poor; choice of working-men (who know more about the poor and their needs than the comfortable middle or upper classes) as guardians of the poor. Mrs. Barnett describes how parties of girls, women, and men have been made happy by "at homes" given to them by kind-hearted ladies at their own houses. "It was a revelation to most of them." University settlements such as Toynbee Hall may do much. Here it is you see—personal contact, human sympathy—a Christian Socialism, or a Socialistic Christianity; call it what you will, only let it be full of Christ. This is the true method of a true "evangelization."

How is it we are so "slow of heart;" that we have learned so little, although the Christ has been "so long with us?" It has taken us eighteen centuries to understand that to save men, in this world and for the next, we must go to them, touch them, eat with them—take them by the hand and lift them up, even as did the compassionate Master. The poor and distressed—"East End" or "North End," "Five Points" or "Seven Dials," the conditions are terribly alike—are thirsty for knowledge, listen with intense interest to the best music, admire and shrewdly criticize pictures; in short, they are human just like ourselves, and want Christ just as much. And we must take Christ to them, and live and love and labor like Christ among and for them.

"The Christ has become again what He was to Luther—

"The King of the Book."

Thus Dr. E. de Pressensé, in an address delivered at Lausanne in October, before the theological faculty of the Free Church of the Canton de Vaud. "To hide one's head in a hole, even though the hole be a dogmatic formula, avails the theologian as little as the ostrich." Dr. Pressensé maintains that there is a "harmony between faith in the everlasting gospel and the legitimate freedom of Christian thought." He believes in "a normal and necessary development of evangelical theology." France and Germany, and indeed the whole of Europe, have been greatly benefited by the progress which has been made towards a bright and broad conception of the truths of salvation, as Methodists have happily understood them from the beginning. Vinet gave a noble impulse to French theology. Neander, Tholuck, Julius Müller and others gave an impetus to Protestant thought. There was some fog in the atmosphere surrounding these thinkers, but the sun shone through and behind the vapor. Even the rude shocks of assault, such as were felt when Edmund Scherer wrote his letter on inspiration, or when the Tübingen school declared the New Testament writings to be fabrications of the second century, though at the time alarming to the timid, have resulted to the advantage of the truth. Science itself recognizes most of the disputed documents as genuine productions of the first century. We have gained the guarantee of historic evidence for the facts of primitive Christianity. By the aid of the written word we discern the Word incarnate, and are brought into contact with "the living and eternal Christ so that we too can witness what we ourselves have seen, tasted, and handled of the Word of Life."

Restricted Immigration.

"Extremes meet." Who would have supposed it possible that Old England should be troubled by the immigrant difficulty, and that London and San Francisco should alike discuss the necessity of restriction? Mr. Baumann, M. P., in the *National Review*, says: "We must totally exclude all immigrants who are not likely to increase the national capital." Germany and Russia must be informed "that we cannot any longer receive their surplus population, and that they must make arrangements to receive back their unprofitable subjects." He suggests a poll-tax of £10 (£50) on every immigrant, and says they are the class who chiefly swell the East End population, and increase the struggle for existence. My own opinion is that Mr. Baumann has an exaggerated estimate of the difficulty; which, nevertheless, certainly exists, and operates to the disadvantage of the native-born population.

"The Times" versus Mr. Parnell.

As far as the "Thunderer's" case has gone, the position of Mr. Parnell and his coadjutors is not seriously assailed. Intelligent and experienced members of the Royal Irish Constabulary testified from their own knowledge of efforts made by the Land League leaders to prevent outrages. The wide-spread distress of 1878-79; the failure of the fisheries, and partial failure of the harvest; increased evictions and discontent—these the conditions which were followed by an increase of outrages. Mr. Chester Ives, special correspondent for the *New York Herald*, testified as to his work in Ireland, and denied that Mr. Parnell had ever suggested that he relied on any but constitutional methods to gain his political ends. The details of boycotting, outrage and murder, as given by widows and others, were very shocking. Yet some of these witnesses said they did not believe the Land League had anything to do with the crimes by which they had suffered.

"Other Worlds than Ours."

Rev. Dr. Dallinger, an eloquent preacher and one of the most distinguished scientists of the day, has been left by the Conference without an appointment this year, that he may be at liberty to pursue his researches. It is to Dr. Dallinger that we are chiefly indebted for the positive demonstration of the impossibility of spontaneous generation. Microscopy is the Doctor's peculiar field, in which he has won such brilliant triumphs. But he ranges over the whole domain of natural science, and is a specialist in astrono-

my. He believes in the absolutely inexhaustible greatness, the measureless resources, of the human mind. "It is impossible to look up into the limitless dome of heaven, with all the glory of starlight, and not to feel that it must be an immensity peopled with intelligences. Science makes that inference pass from an assumption into a conviction; and there is no greater improbability in our being able in the future to discover the presence of inhabitants in other worlds, and even communicate with them, than there was a century ago that we should find iron in the sun, and speak directly and without delay with a friend in Australia or India." The death of Richard Proctor has left Dr. Dallinger without a peer as a lucid and brilliant expositor of science.

Romanist Sensitiveness.

Is it a good sign that Roman Catholics are getting ashamed of some facts in history? I think so. I see you have a little earthquake in Boston, originated by the exclusion of an historical text-book from your public schools. Perhaps you know that Nov. 5 is popularly celebrated in England as "Guy Fawkes' Day," commemorating the Gunpowder Plot in the reign of James I. The *Catholic Household* protests against the commemoration, as an occasion for reflections on Roman Catholics. Fawkes, it is said, was indeed a Catholic and intended to blow up the Houses of Parliament, but Lord Montagu, who revealed the plot, was also a Catholic. This is true, but all the conspirators were Catholics, and the plot was to promote Romanist interests. It was only because Montagu was a Catholic that he received warning. Had he been a Protestant, there would have been no warning, and the plot would have succeeded. And possibly, as after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, there would have been jubilation over a great destruction of heretics. "Facts are chieftains that winna' ding," and we may as well accept and profit by them. It grieves me that Adam and Eve should have so grievously fallen, and I suffer for it every day. History's record does not flatter my venerated progenitors. But my position would in no respect be improved by putting Genesis, chapter 3, where you sons of liberty have put "Swinton's History," at the dictation of a sect.

Caricatures Incarcerated.

Imagine Thomas Nast, or Frank Beard, or any of your clever caricaturists being prosecuted by the national government for representing, say, President Cleveland as the ringmaster in a circus, or in some other ludicrous guise! A French comic weekly, *La Charge*, represented in a cartoon France as a maiden in tricolor gown and cap of liberty, seeking refuge in the arms of Boulanger from the drawn swords of three generals. For thus "insulting the army" the editor and artist have each been sentenced to two months' imprisonment and a fine of five hundred francs! And this is a free republic, and not under monarchical tyranny! Your caricaturists would evidently find the climate of *la belle republique* slightly torrid. The sober English mind does, however, sometimes question the good taste of cartoons of Presidents and public men which represent them in ridiculous and degrading aspects, however ingenious and funny the conception of the artist.

Telephonic Murmurs.

Fanny, the only surviving sister of the late Lord Macaulay, and daughter of Zachary Macaulay, died, Nov. 10, at the ripe age of 80 years. A new sect has been formed at Monaco, called the "Brotherhood of the Sons of God." It resembles in some features the Essenes, its members abstaining from tobacco, flesh, intoxicants, and favoring an ascetic life. Its symbol is "333;" its badge a gold, green, and purple ribbon; its missionary language Volapuk! Its founder is not named Robert Elsmere. Twenty thousand Methodists in Germany! The Bremen District Meeting will distribute 15,000 Bibles next year.—There are now 26 mission-halls open in Paris, in connection with the McAll mission, all filled with eager worshippers.—The Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief, has ordered that, wherever practicable, a room in all barracks shall be placed at the disposal of military chaplains for temperance, social, and other meetings for the benefit of soldiers.—The Lord Mayor of London (Ald. Whitehead), instead of wasting money on a street parade and "show," gave a feast to 10,000 workhouse inmates and deserving poor, and sent a check for £100 to Mr. F. N. Charrington towards entertaining 3,000 poor people at the East End.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY MRS. E. A. HAWKINS.

The days and the weeks, the months and the years, Are passing away—so swiftly away, With our joys and our sorrows, our hopes and our fears; We cannot command them to stay.

Eternity's ages are coming so fast, Swiftly to you, swiftly to me; The days of our life-work, how soon they are past, And we launch on eternity's sea!

On we are borne by the tide of the years, Swiftly away, swiftly along, And the rush of eternity sounds in our ears, Though we dream it with laughter and song.

O Lord, clasp us close in Thy sheltering arms, Closer to Thee, Lord, closer to Thee! And soothe Thou our anguish at death's grim alarms, And bring us to dwell in Thy city of palms, Forever and ever with Thee! Providence, R. I.

Trust in Christ brings peace amid outward sorrows and conflicts. When the pilot comes on board, the captain does not leave the bridge, but stands by the pilot's side. His responsibility is past, but his duties are not over. And when Christ comes into my heart, my effort, my judgment, are not made unnecessary, or put on one side. Let Him take the command, and stand beside Him, and carry out His orders, and you will find rest to your souls.—Dr. Alexander MacLaren.

Miscellaneous.

NEW YORK LETTER.

BY "MANHATTAN."

THE elections are over. Thank goodness! Once more the American people have declared themselves, and we may now settle down to the sober, earnest business of life. And when we remember that Gen. Harrison is a pronounced Christian, a member of the church, and a consistent, devoted man, we have cause for real gratitude. But when we also remember that Warner Miller was beaten in New York State by David B. Hill, the nominee of the saloon, and the avowed supporter of the gin mill and the drinking den, we have cause for humiliation. Nor is this the worst; for it would be almost treason to forget that this great city is by the late election turned over completely to the dominance of Romanism. Every official chosen on the 6th of November last to manage the affairs of this metropolis (with, possibly, one or two minor exceptions, and they are Jews) is a Roman Catholic. This is not accidental. Let us not deceive ourselves. It is part of a great scheme; and when Rull, Romanism, and Tammany Hall control New York all the way from King's Bridge to the Battery, we have a condition of things perilous in the extreme.

What are we going to do about it? "Aye, there's the rub." Well, we are going to write it up for ZION'S HERALD, that the Methodists of New England may know how things are. Plymouth Rock yet remains; and before we have a Vatican in New York city, or a papal coronation in our midst, Plymouth Rock must be ground into powder, and the type of character it represents utterly destroyed. And then after having written it up, we propose in God's name to go in for a determined, aggressive campaign, and see if Methodism is not a full match for Romanism. We think it is. True, we may not have the splendid cathedral of Fifth Avenue, nor a priest who wears a red hat, and is thereby called a cardinal, in attendance; neither have that subtle genius for politics so strongly marked in the Roman clergy; but we have an earnest, godly Bishop in this city whose power is already sensible, and a number of faithful, fearless Methodist preachers whose zeal and loyalty are unquestioned; and we have besides some royal-hearted, generous laymen, with an experience of consecration that goes clear through their bank accounts; and with men, money, and Methodism, New York will yet be saved. Dr. Burdard will kindly excuse the allusion. It is to be hoped, however, that Chaplain McCabe will not see it, or he would add "missions," and to repeat all four would induce languidity.

Notwithstanding the dominance of Romanism, Thanksgiving was duly observed in this region, and the churches were open in large measure, and many of them crowded. Dr. Kendrick had a great throng in Hanson Place, Brooklyn. But this is no new thing with him. He has a great throng there every Sunday. He discussed the situation ably and earnestly. An invitation to repeat the discourse and a unanimous vote that it be printed for general circulation, prove its value and impressiveness.

Dr. O. H. Tiffany not only preached a magnificent sermon in St. James, this city, but furnished some of our newspapers with thought for their next-day editorials. Large and enthusiastic congregations are in attendance upon the Doctor's services in this church.

Few men are doing more to solve that vexed question, "How to reach the masses," than Dr. Merritt Hulburd, of Trinity Church, this city. On Sunday he has what might fairly be termed a crowd. In the evening the large church upstairs and down is thronged, and the aisles filled as well. On Tuesday evening he gives a lecture of a popular religious character, and the body of the church is well filled, and on Friday afternoon has a class for children and young people, with an attendance of between two and three hundred.

That was a very marked compliment which the Brooklyn Sunday-school Association paid to Rev. J. Benson Hamilton, formerly of New England, by asking him to conduct the great Bible class of Dr. R. Meredith during the illness of the famous teacher. It was a most difficult and trying position, but Bro. Hamilton met the demand in a way that surprised even his friends. We used to think that there was only one Hamilton. There are two.

To some of us who sat in the Preachers' Meeting last Monday and listened to an earnest discussion of "Revivals, and How to Secure Them," there came feelings difficult to describe. And as some of the "fathers" gave their experiences, and told of the wonderful seasons they had seen, our feelings became still more involved. How was it accomplished? These are not, and never were, extraordinary men. Other men are more refined, better trained, abler speakers, and very possibly as devoted and as earnest as any that the church has ever known, and yet such revivals as those described seem impossible to their ministry. Would it not be well to think over the new conditions of church life, and not insist upon a slavish adherence to methods and customs of long ago? We are in danger of thinking too much about "the former times." That David slew Goliath with a stone cast from a sling is very true, but if David were living now he would use a repeating rifle, and would have no use for a sword at all. When the Methodist Church is afraid of new departures, it ought to take a look at John Wesley standing on his father's tombstone and preaching the Gospel to a wondering congregation. And the question will come up, try as we will, Are revivals matters of the almanac? And are we to pack into one or two weeks in January all the zeal and enthusiasm of the year, and run through the other months as best we can? John the Baptist was a

revivalist; but was Jesus? God grant that a blessed revival may come to all of our churches this season! But may its gracious influences abide with us, and result in holier living, nobler character, greater loyalty, and thus accomplish the full purpose of the Gospel!

The Discipline has something to say about churches entering into negotiations with pastors, but when a church like ours in Wilkesbarre, Penn., gets its thought upon a man like W. L. Phillips, of Brooklyn, who can blame them if they invite him to their pastorate? And have the people in Wilkesbarre no rights in the matter? They have one of the finest church buildings in the country, and one of the greatest congregations of Methodism, and they are honestly anxious concerning the future. We don't like to have Bro. Phillips leave this region. A superb preacher, a courteous, kind gentleman, a faithful, devoted friend, we regret to lose him, even to the Wyoming Conference. His hosts of friends in New England will expect a continuance of that success which has always followed his ministry.

We have had this week an inter-denominational Conference in this city, to discuss ways and means of metropolitan evangelism. We had no cause for complaint in the make-up of the programme, as Dr. J. M. King, Dr. M. D. C. Crawford and Bishop Andrews had prominent parts assigned them. A committee was appointed, and something may be done. We are told that "union is strength." This is true—sometimes. But the movement is timely, and from the character of those most deeply interested, we have reason to hope for permanent results.

INSIDE AN ART-HOUSE.

ONE of the most interesting places to visit at any time, but especially at the holiday season, is the establishment of Louis Prang & Co., in Roxbury. Here things both beautiful and delicate are made—things to please the eye and strike the most fastidious fancy. Christmas and New Year's cards, birthday and Easter cards, art books, studies in water-color and oil, every imaginable production of the fine art of chromo-lithography, which Alois Senefelder of Munich discovered nearly a century ago, are on every hand. Artists at work, ladies sewing on silk and satin, presses printing pictures, book-keepers keeping the accounts, wagons carrying away the merchandise to reach ultimately many a home and adorn it—this is the work of the famous art-house.

But how is a chromo-lithographic picture made? The popular idea is that it is the product of an impression, easily made, and therefore, naturally, cheap. This is far from being the case. The word "chromo" has a bad air about it, being extensively used, and applied to almost every cheap print, found only in Italian shops at the North End. If, however, a single chromo-lithograph is taken, it involves more work and expense than either an oil or water-color; but when one is thoroughly finished, then the rest being the result of machine work, the labor is mere routine, and many can be produced at comparatively moderate cost. Look at the process. Mr. Prang's artist examines an oil-painting, and makes the schedule of every color in it. The ordinary eye would detect perhaps a dozen colors, but the skillful artist's eye finds twenty-five. When ordinarily, as you look, the impression is that the color is simply black, the artist detects as well a bright red. Now, after a schedule is made, over the painting is placed a thin sheet of gelatine and a complete outline made, which space of every color in the picture. Then in order to print the picture entire, each color requires a separate stone plate, though zinc plates, being much cheaper, are supplanting the use of stone. Each stone is smoothed, as much as is required, with lithographic ink, which is then rubbed off, leaving a coating of fat, a residue from the ink. The parts on the stone which are not "fat" are "water," which is supplied by the press while printing. Now, though the roller rolls over the whole plate, the color only attaches to the part of the stone which is "fat." So the lithograph progresses, each stone or zinc plate giving its designed color. Every color has to be drawn and printed separately. If the original painting of which the lithograph is a copy, contains thirty colors, then there must be thirty plates, and from the outline to the finished product is a long way of skill and care. The picture can be printed on paper, silk, satin, or any material that will take the impression and can be held firmly in position. The beautiful etched-backs which are so acceptable a present, having a cluster of roses, a landscape, or a marine view, so clear and distinct as to be often mistaken for hand-work, are Prang's products.

At this holiday season there are some special issues, on two or three of which it may be pleasant to look. "The Home of Shakespeare" is a most elegant art-book, which would be a charming gift. The book contains eight color-pictures and eight mono-chromes, which are fac-similes of water-colors painted on the spot by an American artist, Mr. Harlow. There are quotations from the greatest poet-dramatist, which with the pictures of familiar scenes, make it very valuable. It is dedicated to the distinguished American philanthropist, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

One of the most unique things to be seen, more pleasurable if Mr. Meyer explains it, is the Autograph Recipe Book. In shape like an autograph album, it has, beside appropriate pictures and poetry, blank leaves, preceded by divisions, such as "Soups," "Fish," etc., on which friends are expected to write a recipe for making the best soup, or cooking, as only Dickens could, the udderous bivalve, or making the simplest pudding. When filled with a choice recipes, it would make a collection

from which the good housewife could select at pleasure three times a day for every day of the round year.

But the prettiest thing which will emanate from the establishment this year is a most exquisite book for mothers, entitled, "Baby's Lullaby Book." It would be a treasure for any mother. The poetry, of course excellent, is by Mr. Charles Stuart Pratt, editor of *Wide Awake*; the music, original for this book, is by Mr. G. W. Chadwick, a well-known American composer; and the pictures are productions from mono-chromes and colors by Mr. W. L. Taylor. Each month has a picture, a poem, and a song.

But this brief walk through this art-house has only shown the surface of it, yet enough to give an idea of the process by which so many beauties of art are made.

BALTIMORE LETTER.

WHY should not New England hear with interest from the Middle or Southern States, and vice versa? We are one church. Our interests are identical. We have many members, but one body. "And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." This is true in theory, but the practice, I greatly fear, is in danger of falling into a state of "innocuous desuetude." We are becoming too congregational. The urgent and ever-increasing need of our church is an intense denominational unity. While attending to our own business as local churches, we must maintain intact an arterial system that will send the life-current with force and freedom to the outer extremity of the body ecclesiastic. Only in this way can we mass and marshal our forces and hurl them with irresistible power against any strategic point of our common foe.

Our Baltimore Preschers' Meeting has been recently struggling with the irrepressible question, "How to Reach the Masses," but the masses go on unreached all the same. Our congregations are quite up to it, if not somewhat beyond, the average. Especially in the downtown churches, subject to constant drains by death and removals, the pastors are fighting a desperate battle against great odds. But a fair measure of success is crowning their efforts.

The old High Street Church, long famous for wealth and aggressiveness, became almost depopulated by a steady process of disintegration. Recently it has seemed to take a new lease of life. The pastor, Rev. W. G. Herbert, is one of the most incessant workers, and the church is reaping largely of the fruits of his toil. A steady inflow has added seventy members by letter and probation since Conference. Exeter Street, another of the churches that has suffered such heavy losses, is also looking up. Rev. E. O. Eldridge, a sprightly and popular young man, is now in the second year of his pastorate, and is greatly beloved by his people.

North Baltimore station (Monument Street M. E. Church) was once the centre of a group of churches known by that name during the days of the old circuit system. This church still has a membership of more than five hundred, not wealthy, but possessing an amount of piety and culture not easy to duplicate. It still retains some of its old-time grip, but the slowly ebbing tides are bearing outward much of its strength and influence. The Sunday-school is remarkable for the large number of grown young men and women, intelligent and loyal, most of whom have graduated from the infant class. The superintendent, Robert N. Crawford, is taking him all in, the most talented layman in Baltimore Methodism. Modest and retiring as a school-girl, he shrinks from every semblance of notoriety. His real ability is, therefore, but little known beyond the limits of his own immediate church, to whose interests he has consecrated the largest portion of his past life. He is a brilliant talker, and his weekly reviews of the Sunday-school lesson are apt and trenchant, and always command the closest attention. A "Young People's Guild," organized two months ago, now has 150 members, and is rapidly growing.

On Monday evening, Dec. 3, a reception was tendered to Bishop John F. Hurst and his family at Metropolitan Church, Washington. The attendance was quite large. The ministers and their families of both cities were largely represented. Among the Methodist representation from Baltimore were Revs. John L. Latham, J. F. Goucher, W. F. Speake, David Carroll, J. H. Wheeler, and W. L. McKenney, and J. F. Bennett, esq.,—builder of the First Church and Woman's College buildings, and David Abercrombie, manager of the Baltimore News Company. The programme, which consisted of speech-making and music, was in charge of Rev. Dr. Kelley, presiding elder of the Washington District. It opened with singing "Children of the Heavenly King," and prayer by Rev. C. W. Baldwin. After a few opening remarks by Dr. Kelley, Rev. J. H. Dashiell, D. D., was introduced, and in one of those faultlessly chaste addresses so characteristic of him, welcomed the Bishop in the name of the clergy of Washington. Dr. Latham followed, representing the Baltimore Preschers' Meeting. His address was brief, but appropriate, and in a humorous vein. Alexander Ashley, esq., a member of the last General Conference, represented the laity. His address was a review of our general superintendency, with recent legislation relative thereto.

Among the clergymen of other denominations present was Rev. Dr. Bartlett, pastor of the New York Ave. Presbyterian Church, who was called to the platform, and invited to make a few remarks. He said he came all the more cheerfully because unexpected. He came to welcome Bishop Hurst, his

honored and beloved friend of other days.

The speech-making closed with the response of the Bishop. He said if any one wanted to know how a man felt under such circumstances, let him try it. He felt all the evening as though he had been listening to things said of some one else; he could not realize that they referred to him. He alluded to the many expressions of pleasure at his presence with them, and said these feelings were heartily reciprocated by himself and family. He felt the position in which he was placed all the more keenly because he stood in the place of Bishop Andrews, who had lived among them for years, and greatly endeared himself to the church. If he had had the whole land to choose from, there is no city he would have selected in preference to Washington. He said that, strangely enough, since the exercises commenced, a little book had been handed him, of whose existence he had no knowledge, which proved to be a class-book of Salem circuit, Dorchester County, Md. The first names on the book were those of his father and mother, and immediately under these the name of Thomas Holliday Hicks, the grand old war governor of Maryland. This book was dated 1831, several years before he was born.

At the close of the Bishop's address Rev. Dr. Corey, pastor of Metropolitan Church, arose, and in the name of the ladies presented to Mrs. Hurst a bouquet of very beautiful La France roses. Mrs. H. gracefully bowed her thanks, after which "Blest be the tie that binds," was sung, and the whole congregation was invited to repair to the lecture-room below, where a general handshaking and "other refreshments" were enjoyed.

N. B.

The Conferences.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE.

Springfield District. The Ministerial Association met at Northampton, Dec. 5 and 6. A most profitable and enjoyable meeting rewarded those who attended. The papers and addresses were carefully prepared, and proved helpful and stimulating. The session opened promptly at 10 A. M. on Wednesday, with the president, Rev. Garrett Beckman, in the chair. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. C. B. Sherman. Then followed a paper by Rev. S. A. Briggs upon "How can the Latent Spiritual Power of the Church be Aroused and Used for its Good?" The importance of preaching clearly and distinctly upon the baptism of the Holy Spirit and the need of complete personal consecration, of working for immediate results, and of the interchange of friendly visits by Christian workers, was dwelt upon as a means to this end. Rev. Jerome Wood continued the discussion with some very timely remarks.

At 11.15 A. M., Rev. W. J. Heath read a sharp and suggestive paper on "The Bible in Relation to Public and Social Worship." The Bible is at the foundation of all worship. It affords instruction, comfort, inspiration, etc. The Bible should be made the test of the genuineness of experience. Its more frequent and honest use should be encouraged in all our meetings. Rev. H. H. Paine and others spoke upon the same subject.

At 1.30 P. M., Prof. C. E. Rider Eaton uttered words upon "Church Finances" which all our churches should hear. The obligation of the church to pay its bills honestly and promptly is as sacred and binding as any other. Every member should ask himself, "What is needed?" and "What can I do?" The sacred duty of Christian stewardship should be emphasized.

At 2.10 P. M., Rev. G. C. Osgood read a carefully-prepared paper upon, "What does the Pastor Most Need from his People?" He answered, 1. An adequate appreciation of his duties, as described in his commission; 2. A prompt and adequate financial support; 3. Prayerful sympathy and co-operation. Judge Hitchcock answered the question, "What does the Church Most Need from its Pastor?" by saying that the pastor should be, 1. A man of good sterling common sense; 2. He should live among his people, invite their confidence and guard it carefully; 3. He should be a leader in his trials, be an example to his flock. As a preacher the people have a right to expect of him hard study and carefully-prepared discourses.

In the evening, Rev. J. M. Leonard preached an excellent discourse upon "Christ our Great Example." His text was John 2: 6.

Thursday, at 9.30 A. M., Rev. George Hudson conducted the opening exercises, after which Rev. D. Sherman, D. D., gave us an essay upon "Modern Revivals," and Rev. N. M. Caton followed with some fruitful suggestions upon the same theme. At 11 A. M., many good words were spoken in an exercise called "Seed Thought." The utterances were really gemlike, and might easily grow into essays upon the subjects treated of, which were as follows: Rev. George K. Sanderson, of Conway, discussed "Children's Meetings;" Rev. A. W. Baird, of Barnardston, spoke on "Probationers;" Rev. J. H. Emerson, on "Temperance and the Church;" Rev. G. M. Smiley, of Greenfield, on "Young People's Societies;" Rev. George F. Eaton, D. D., on "Sunday Evening Services;" Rev. A. W. Mills, of Florence, on "Class Meetings;" Rev. J. R. Cushing, of Wilbraham, on "Church Music."

The afternoon was given up to the consideration of the various missionary enterprises of the church. The Woman's Home Missionary Society was represented by Mrs. S. L. Gracey, of Salem, who made a thrilling appeal for the work in the home field. Mrs. Dyer urged with her well-known earnestness the demands of the foreign work. Rev. W. R. Newhall addressed the meeting upon the work of the "Parent Board." He insisted that the work of missions and the work of the local church are one.

After thanking the church at Northampton for the cordial and hearty hospitality with which they were entertained, the meeting adjourned. These meetings should be the occasion of a more general interchange of visits by the people. Giving like these ministerial associations afford them such opportunities. It would be a wise and profitable use of time if they were improved.

MANUS.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE.

New Bedford District.

A successful harvest festival was given in Chatham a few weeks since. The literary and musical programme was a fine one. The financial results were very satisfactory. The series of special sermons which the pastor, Rev. W. J. Yates, is giving, has elicited considerable interest and much commendation. In the *Methodist Herald* for November is an article on "The Election," which closes with seven rules which should control the citizen in the exercise of the privilege of suffrage. They are the best and most wholesome that we have ever seen. If universally adopted by Christians, the result would be a revolution of the right kind, which would save the nation in a few years from almost every great evil by which we are now cursed.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society connected with our church in Marshfield is educating a girl in India. To aid this worthy enterprise, Mrs. N. C. Alger gave a lecture a few weeks since, which, in addition to the sale of fancy articles, brought a financial profit sufficient to support a girl two years. The pastor has recently received three on probation. Many young people are now attending the services of this church. The pastor, Rev. N. C. Alger, and his wife recently gave temperance addresses before the Cold Water Division of Pembroke.

Reports from our old friend, Rev. J. B. Hingley, presiding elder of the Fergus Falls District, Minn., who left us for the West a few years ago, represent him as doing excellent work and being a capital preacher of the old Wesleyan stamp.

The church at Long Plain is having a course of lectures and entertainments with talents that ought to bring them full houses and a full treasury. Rev. W. D. Wilkinson is pastor.

The blessing of the Lord attends the labors of Rev. Hugh Copeland, who supplies the church at Sagamore. He is a young man just graduated at the Drew Theological Seminary, a hard worker, and a good and successful preacher. November 18, Dr. Gallagher baptized four young ladies in this church.

On Nov. 15 the Parnassus Pond Society of the South Yarmouth Church held a fair afternoon and evening. Articles useful and ornamental were offered for sale. The proceeds, which were considerable, will be devoted to paying for the new furnace which has just been put into the church. This society has worked hard to accomplish this object. They have also worked successfully. This pastor, Rev. C. H. Dunbar, has charge of the church at North Norwich. The pastor of this church is making him abundant in labor, the two places being quite a distance apart. And yet we are confident that this is the best possible arrangement for both churches, and should be adopted by more of our churches.

Rev. F. D. Blakelee preached at North Dighton, Sunday morning, Nov. 25. In the afternoon he preached for Rev. H. B. Cady in the First Church, Taunton. Rev. E. L. Hyde, pastor of Grace Church, preached for Brother Cady the preceding Sunday. The pastor of the First Church has been seriously ill, but is now much better; he is able to do a little work again, and will doubtless fully recover in a few days.

X. Y. Z.

Norwich District.

East Hampton.—Glad Tidings Day was a grand success, with a large audience. The children did nicely, and the singing was very fine. They are a proud of their organist and chorister, Mr. Arthur Hill, and his faithful assistants. The collection was about four times as large as usual.

Stafford Springs.—During the last two months fifteen have been received into full membership from probation, and six by letter. A Young People's Christian League has been formed, and enters on its mission with considerable zeal. Nearly thirty members have been enrolled. It holds its meetings at 6 P. M. on the evenings of the pastor, Rev. A. E. Drew, preached, thus insuring a good proportion of young people at the preaching service. The attendance at the class meetings shows an increase during the last two months, and is appreciated by the leader. A vigorous and enthusiastic C. L. S. C. of thirty members is one of the valuable auxiliary organizations connected with the church. The outlook for a good winter's campaign is favorable.

KAL.

VERMONT CONFERENCE.

Montpelier District.

Rev. S. C. Vail, of Topham and Cornish, recently met with a serious misfortune which resulted in the necessity of killing a valuable horse, entailing upon him a loss of at least \$100. The Montpelier Preschers' Meeting appointed Bro. H. A. Bushnell and A. B. Trux as a committee to raise funds in aid of the brother.

Prosperity is attending the labors of Bro. Spencer at Randolph and West Randolph. Three young men and a young lady have started to serve Christ at the former place, and two young men at the latter. It is worthy of note that, during a recent absence of the pastor, the venerable Rev. A. T. Bullard, now in his 85th year, preached an able sermon with all his old-time vigor and earnestness. Bro. Bullard has long been esteemed for his work's sake as one of the fathers of the Conference whose presence and wise counsels are always expected at its annual session.

When it is stated that all the rooms in the ladies' dormitories are taken for the winter term, and that other accommodations must be provided for the increasing throng of students, it hardly seems possible that it was but a short time since the best friends were almost afraid that the Seminary would have to be suspended through lack of support and attendance. The past term Theological Seminary delivered a series of three lectures, which created wide interest. The following were the subjects: "A Trip to the Moon;" "Petrus and the Rock City;" and "The Angel in Stone." The records also show that during the past term the students have done better work in their classes than for seven years past.

The Vermont Christian Endeavor Union held its third annual session at Trinity M. E. Church, Montpelier, Dec. 5 and 6. Bro. J. O. Sherburn, our pastor at Montpelier, made the address of welcome, and Bro. T. P. Frost, of St. Johnsbury, delivered, on Wednesday evening, his famous address on "God's People in the Future of Our Country." The whole meeting was a success, and all went home with new inspiration and new zeal for the cause.

The debt on the Worcester M. E. church has been provided for, and there are now indications of a revival. Pastor Thatcher is diligently at work to secure the largest proportion of his people.

Ex-Gov. Proctor is one of the most prominent and pre-eminent the ablest man in the State. Just now he is being widely mentioned as a probable member of President Harrison's cabinet. It may not be generally known among our Methodist people that he is a trustee of our Seminary, and that he has already given the institution a thousand dollars.

The funeral of Mrs. Calvin Francis, Dec. 4, of Northfield, was held at her home, Dec. 4. The readers of this column will remember that

notice was recently made of an interesting anniversary that occurred at that same home. This death is of more than ordinary interest from the fact that that home has long been the welcome rallying place of Methodist ministers, and that, from that home, there have gone forth two Methodist ministers and one Methodist minister's wife, viz., Mrs. O. D. Clapp, of Marshfield; C. H. Farnsworth, of Plainfield; and the late R. W. C. Farnsworth, D. D., of Los Angeles, Cal. A wide circle of friends will mourn the loss and sympathize with the bereaved friends.

Rev. S. H. Tucker, of Gayville, is having quite a revival interest on his charge. Six have been baptized, and five have been taken into the church. The past week extra meetings have been held, and the presiding elder has rendered efficient service. Conversions occurred, and the church received new life and power. The interest in the meetings constantly increased.

RETLAW.

St. Albans District.

There was a very pleasant gathering recently at the parsonage in Georgia, the occasion being a pound party for the pastor, Rev. A. B. Knight. The family were not taken by surprise, but their gratitude was expressed in a very feeling manner for the many useful gifts presented. Refreshments were served, and the guests separated feeling much pleased with their visit.

The third quarterly meeting for *Isle La Motte* was held at the church, Nov. 18 and 19, in charge of the pastor, Rev. S. L. Eastman, who sends the following report of the work, which will be cheerfully received by the brethren on the mainland: "A large congregation was present, and much interest was manifested. Matters are moving finely on this charge. The congregations are excellent, the Sunday-school flourishing, and prayer and class-meetings much larger than formerly, and a deep religious interest is manifested in all the services of the church." The following very fraternal act is also mentioned: "Charles Wyman, jeweler of St. Albans, donated a very valuable clock last week to this church. It has been set up, and a vote of thanks of the whole church has been extended to Mr. Wyman, who, although a Congregationalist himself, is very friendly and liberal to other churches." Arrangements are being made for a protracted meeting at an early date.

Bakersfield and North Fairfield enjoyed the services of the presiding elder at their last quarterly meeting. A good congregation at each place greeted Bro. Cady, and gave close attention to his earnest words, which were attended with the Spirit's power. There is very encouraging interest on this charge—twenty persons recently starting in religious life—and the work is to be continued by a series of meetings at an early date.

At North Hero, Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Kenney, of Burlington, have been assisting the pastor in holding a protracted meeting during the last four weeks. As a result of these labors, six persons have started in the service of God, and it is expected that there are "more to follow." The church has been greatly encouraged, and the cause of God strengthened by these faithful workers.

S.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE.

Clarendon District.

The old Chestnut St. church at Nashua is on more feet. The first has laid it low. On Nov. 20 it was discovered to be on fire, and in a few hours had burned to the ground. The church was built in 1836 by the Second Baptist Society of Nashua. The society flourished for a time, but trouble came upon it and it was given up, the members mostly uniting with the other society. In 1844 the Chestnut Street Methodist society was organized with thirty members. It became a tenant of this edifice. Rev. L. C. Burr was the first pastor, and Rev. Thomas Russell the second. Feb. 23, 1850, services were discontinued. In November the same year the society came together again and purchased the property for \$900 and accrued interest. It paid its debt in about a year. Rev. Lewis Howard was pastor till 1852. Rev. Jared Perkins to 1854. Rev. D. S. Dearborn was the next pastor, and during his term an organ was introduced. Mr. Dearborn remained two years. Rev. H. H. Hartwell was the pastor in 1857 and 1858, and during his term of service there was a great revival. Rev. Sullivan Holman was the next pastor till 1851; Rev. L. G. Hale to 1863; Rev. W. H. Jones to 1865; Rev. Robert S. Stubbs to 1867; Rev. E. R. Wilkins to 1870; Rev. D. S. Dearborn, during whose ministry the interior of the church was greatly improved, to 1871; Rev. Freeman Carter to 1873; Rev. Hiram L. Kelsey to 1875; Rev. Lewis P. Cushman to 1878; Rev. O. H. Jasper, D. D., to 1881. During the thirty years which the society existed it issued five hundred certificates of membership. The farewell services of the society were held in the church on Sunday, April 3, 1881, after which the members shortly after this time the Woman's Mission Circle held services in the church and vestry for a year or two. The Main Street society owned the property until about two years ago, when it was sold. This its history ends—destroyed by fire Nov. 20, 1888.

In the course of lectures to be delivered at Marlboro, we find the names of Revs. J. W. Adams, Wm. Woods, and J. E. Robins of our Conference.

Dover District.

Rev. Fred E. White has been spending a week in Mahanoy City, Pa., in revival work.

Concord District.

Rev. J. S. Breckinridge, agent of the Methodist Hospital of Brooklyn, spent Sunday, Dec. 2, with the St. Paul's Church, Manchester, presenting the interests of the Hospital in a very earnest sermon. The appeal was successful in securing about \$20 at the morning service. It was hoped to increase it to \$100.

Through the charity of Manchester people, the city missionary was enabled to distribute Thanksgiving food to 163 families, representing 701 persons.

B.

EAST MAINE CONFERENCE.

Bangor District.

Orono.—The pastor, Rev. J. L. Hill, conducted the quarterly meeting, Nov. 5. Reports showed the church to be in a good condition. Four have risen for prayers, and four have joined the church by letter. Finally, the church has not been in so excellent a condition for years. There is only a deficiency of about \$20 in pastor's salary to date. The pastor has delivered during the month illustrated lectures on the "Prodigal Son," to crowded houses. Recently the ladies belonging to the Stillwater part of the charge visited the parsonage adorned with good things and left with the pastor's wife \$20.

Bucksport District.

The new Methodist church at Bar Harbor is nearly completed, and will be dedicated in a few weeks. Mr. S. F. Cobb recently shipped the handsome new organ which he has constructed for this society. It is on the same plan as a large church organ, with two banks of keys, separate swell, sub-bass, thirteen

stops and eight sets of pipes. The frame is over ten feet in height.

Our Book Table.

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE. Ten sermons on the Great Resurrection Chapter of St. Paul. By Teeton Thomas, D. D., Pl. D., pastor of Harvard Church, Brookline, Mass. Price, \$1.25. Silver, Burdett & Co.: 50 Broadway St., Boston.

This is a timely book. Readers of "Robert Elmer" will find in these pages an audience for the powerful and will recognize what eternal truth and blessed comfort is hidden in the familiar and inspired chapter in the Corinthian Church. It is a book, too, for all time; for death "has all seasons for its own," and mourners perpetually need the consoling teachings of the great Apostle. They are brought out with great skill and force in these sermons. We confess to a great admiration of Dr. Thomas' way of putting things, his style is fresh, and clear, and trenchant, and scholarly. The audience which will read these discourses—for they were prepared for public utterance in the regular course of the author's ministry—are to be congratulated upon having enjoyed such a precious and uplifting exposition of the great theme of personal immortality; while those who read the volume will realize, as never before, the real meaning of St. Paul, and rejoice in the anchorage of "the blessed hope." In typography and general appearance the volume is in exquisite taste, and is fully up to the high standard of its publishers.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE NEED TO TURN OVER THE PAGES OF THE BIBLE. Illustrated with numerous and bright are the pictorial attractions of this charming weekly; and one has only to look over the Index to see what a wealth of subjects is handled by leading writers, including such names as Wm. L. Alden, Lucy C. Lillie, Lizzie W. Champney, Thomas Stevenson, Alice Wellington Rollins, Margaret E. Sangster, David Kay, E. C. Caswell, Kisk Meadows, Dorra B. Goodale, James Otis, T. W. Knox, and many others. "The Household of God," is published once as one of the series. Happy will be the boy or girl who finds this full and handsome volume on the Christmas tree!

OLD SONGS, WITH DRAWINGS, by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons. Price, \$1.50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Readers of this year's *Harper's Monthly* have become familiar with the quaint old illustrations with marvellous skill and beauty and aptness by the artists above named, which have appeared in successive numbers of the magazine. We have them here in worthy setting, printed on heavy, calendared paper, with broad margins, and strongly bound in morocco. From the exquisite etching with which the volume opens to the rose cut at its close, all is sumptuous and in the highest degree pleasing. It will take rank among the choicest gift-books of the season.

DAYLIGHT LAND. By W. H. H.

once cultivated
months that it
could have de-
clined.

the enjoyment and
which Methodist

anation.

HERALD OF Dec. 5
that I sent
communication I re-
in that country. I
Bro. Gray,
at Rome. He was
unhappy, and it
hindrances to our
field to cultivate
so long. But
criticisms to make
persistent, Rev.
brother, and has
vestry that has been
trust he may be
for our mission
have more promi-
sympathy and in
cultivating the
H. MANSFIELD.

AND TRACT AN- MILWAUKEE.

considered her May
centrifugal force was
one of them to this
Milwaukee have had
the anniversary. For
the anniversary of
and Tract Society of
America, say,

responding secretary of
-eyed Dr. Harbison,
when he gave a hint
and youthful face—
provide material
great assemblies,
Ottawa in Kansas,
ment give a hint
when he announced
programme. And if
promise, for indeed
varied.

Sumnerfield Church,
and the Tract Society
Suggests
Secure Better Teach-
and condensed than
by; by a better adapt-
ing in normal
blackboard his normal
Freeman, the long-time
r. Freeman led a Tract
Church, at which were
these three questions:
em? How to Use Them?
provide? Monday
addressed by Drs. Cox
he first German Church,
an, Horst and Liebhart,
ings closes the series of
by large and hard to
here. And among them
in his shoes and in the
man the young, strong,
and New England train-

of the Sunday School
held at 3 o'clock in
mother of Methodism
was moved almost to
the stirring addresses
and the telling statis-
They seemed to get
of both of scholars in
the Sunday-schools—
188,291 officers and teach-
the old holidays of
last year, and as he an-
an average of 21 new
of the year, they were
frain so little suggestive
We're forming three a

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Page 2.)

CONFERENCE.

Meeting.—Rev. A. Gould
was conducted the devo-
memorial and petition
observance of the Sab-
and a committee was ap-
a petition to Congress.
role a report concerning
v. Thos. Marcy. Drs.
appointed a committee
to change the con-
the Preachers' Meeting
was lost. A vote was
for a special meeting,
an. 21, to listen to an ad-
in regard to Church
addresses were made
and Mansfield on their
alestina. A motion pro-
other brethren who had
on their foreign tour,
the meeting was made an

Dr.—Dr. S. F. Upham
morning at this church-
to attend the funeral
son, Henry F. Mills, esq.
anniversary of the occu-
at building last Sunday.
was preached by the
T. Jenifer, D. D. The
by this society was on
943.

special timeliness was the
discourse delivered by
Dorchester, last Sunday
the Snare of Death,"
make head that ye be not
309). In the evening Mrs.
shall we do with Our
before a large audience.
on Sheldon St., at the
is completed and already
successful sale last week,
will be devoted to pay-
ments and furniture.

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spirits, and glad to resume their church la-
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North Boston District.
Rockford.—The year is passing very
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copies of *Little Missionary* and *Missionary
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they did in a very acceptable manner, the pas-
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Lynn District.
Marblehead.—Rev. C. T. Johnson has
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Springfield District.
Monson.—God has been richly blessing
our people. Miss Grace Weiser recently spent
a few days with us, and assisted the pastor in
some revival meetings. Their faith and labors
were abundantly rewarded. About one hun-
dred bowed at the altar seeking pardon,
and the majority gave evidence of being hap-
pily converted. Fifty have already joined the
church on probation, and more are expected to
do so at an early day. Every department
of work feels the gracious influence, and the
spiritual life of the members is greatly quick-
ened.

Of some of our charges on these hills of
Western Massachusetts we may say:—
"Now rejoice, and sing again!"
The life of the church is as satisfying as
that of many Christians. It depends very
largely upon the ability of the presiding elder
to send to them a man who can live on as
well as by faith. Such a pastor may, while
he stays, evangelize them to a semblance of
vital Christianity, but upon his removal they
immediately fall back into a state of suspen-
ded animation. These fields, however, are the
offshoots of as great heroism and devotion
as Rome. Many of our brethren and their fam-
ilies are possessed of the true martyr spirit.
Through suffering, they are winning their way
to a crown. Among others, these remarks apply
to death. Prior to the coming of the present
pastor, there had been no meetings except
Sunday-school, for some time. Now by his
faithful work and the blessing of God we have
preaching regularly, besides both Sabbath
and week-night prayer-meetings. The young
people have a class meeting, is well at-
tended. Some extra meetings recently held
resulted in increased interest among the people
of the church.

Barnstable.—This is a field which, like
the hills among which it lies, demands careful
and continuous cultivation, and then yields
comparatively meagre returns for the pains
expended. It has, however, in Rev. A. W.
Baird, the pastor, a most earnest and con-
scientious worker. He is the Lord's husband-
man indeed, abundant in labors, kind, sym-
pathetic, and cheerful about his task. The out-
look is somewhat more encouraging. The con-
gregations are good, and some religious inter-
est has resulted in adding eight to the church
on probation.

North Brookfield.—Rev. S. K. Lidstone,
our pastor, received 15 on probation upon
recent Sunday, making 20 for the year. One
also united with the church by letter, and
more are expected to become probationers.
These fruits of a revival interest, we trust,
greatly strengthen our society.

Enfield.—This charge, which was re-
constituted some time ago and was greatly less-
ened and strengthened by a revival last year,
is now in quite a prosperous condition. Bro.
W. F. Low, of Wilbraham Academy, supplies
the pulpit, preaching to good-sized congrega-
tions.

Twenty-three have joined the church
in fall, and more are to follow.

Camp-meeting Association.—At a recent
meeting of the Association, held in
week, held in Trinity Church, Rev. Alonso
Sanderson presided. Rev. W. B. Ray read
an interesting paper on "Class-meeting,"
and Rev. E. S. Best read a paper on "Secu-
larism and the Public Schools." The latter
is published in the *Gazette* of Worcester.

Wester.—The Webster church has been
undergoing very considerable repairs and
improvements. Among the latter are the in-
roduction of steam, reflooring, repainting
the wood-work, new pulpit, renewed pal-
ladium, new carpets, etc. The frescoing
is exceedingly cheap and beautiful. There is
nothing to offend the most fastidious; no
glaring colors, no ungraceful figures. All is
in the most excellent taste—designed and ex-
ecuted by the artist, Butler and Stenberg of
Boston. The wood-work, carpeting, and or-
gan decoration are in excellent harmony with
the frescoing. The whole audience-room is
vestry to the eye, harmonious, beautiful. The
vestry is quite as much improved. Three
furnaces are going, giving more room and
greatly adding to the appearance. The walls
and wood-work are handsomely colored, the
seats polished, the large parlors newly pa-
pered and painted, and the whole vestry
made comfortable and attractive. After be-
ing closed for some time—the congregation
meeting, by invitation, with the Congrega-
tionalists across the street—the church was
reopened, Sunday, Dec. 9. Large congrega-
tions were present. The pastor, Rev. W. B. Ray,
kindly and hospitably treated by his
friends in the Congregational Church, all
were glad to be in their own home again. The
pastor, Rev. T. B. Smith, preached in the
morning. The principal service was in the
evening. The Congregationalists, with their
new pastor, were present, and an excellent
and practical sermon was preached by the
pastor, Rev. W. B. Ray. His accom-
panied lady rendered effective service as
soloist and member of the choir. The music
throughout was very appropriate and good.
The Sabbath-school was largely attended, and
had a very interesting session, under the man-
agement of its able superintendent, Bro. C.
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The Family.

AFTER DARKNESS, LIGHT!

BY THE LATE MRS. A. N. STOW.

[Nov. 12, Mrs. Stow sent the following poem for publication in the HERALD. Nov. 21, after a brief illness, she followed the angel of death to that "fair land" of eternal day, of which the Lamb Himself is the "light."]

Not one long night, beloved,
With never here and there, a gleam of light,
With not a single star to shine above,
Rise we should faller and give over the fight.

In darkness lies the promise
Of some glad day that on the soul shall rise
Just where the blackness seems to be the fiercest;
A sweet surprise to weary, tear-dimmed eyes.

Upon creation's morning
The gracious mandate fell, "Let there be light;"
And though at eve the lengthening shadows gathered,
Morning arose and chased away the night.

Scarce is a day unclouded;
The fairest promise disappoints its close;
Yet patient waiting goes on unwarded,
Trusting that light will come brings sweet repose.

Why murmur then, beloved?
Into the night we shall come at last.
What if our lives are cramped, and dark, and joyless;
A day will come when this shall all be past.

With no uncertain accents
The King of heaven will claim us for his own—
Join-heirs with him who purchased our salvation—
And crown us with great joy before His throne.

O blessed, blessed prospect!
To walk with Him in purest garments white;
With never-tiring zeal to love and labor
In that fair land that knows no pain nor night.

TOM.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.

Just listen to this:—

When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell

through, And I with it, helpless there, full in my view,

What do you think my eyes saw through the fire

That night? Well, my baby-boy, laughing to see

The shining? He must have come there after me,

Toddled alone from the cottage without

any one's missing him. Then what a shout—

Oh! he shouted, "For heaven's sake, men,

Save little Robin!" Again and again

They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.

I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,

"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!"

"We're coming to get you as fast as we can!"

They could not see him, but I could. He sat

still on a beam, his little straw hat

carefully placed by his side; and his eyes

stared at the flames with a baby's surprise.

Calm and unconscious, as if he were asleep,

The roar of the fire above must have kept

the sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name

from reaching the child. But I heard it. It came

again and again. O God, what a cry!

The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly

where the men worked like tigers, not minded the

heat.

That scorching them—when suddenly, there at their

feet,

The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then,

crash,

Down came the wall! The men made a dash—

Jumped to get out of the way—and I thought,

"All's up with poor little Robin!" and brought

slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide

The sight of the child there—when swift, at my

aid,

Something rushed by, and went right through the

flame,

Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then

came back with him, coughing and crying, but—saved!

Saved and safe! Oh, how the men roared!

Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all

looked at the work again, lest the back wall

Where I was lying, away from the fire,

Should fall in and bury me.

Oh! you'd admire

To see Robin now; he's as bright as a dime.

Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.

Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn't it true

Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?

There's Robin now! See, he's strong as a log!

And there comes Tom, too.

Yes, Tom was our dog.

—Constance Fenimore Woolson.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

Be certain of this, that no misery can be equal to that which a man feels who is conscious that he has proved unequal to his part, who has deserted the post his captain set him, and who, when men said, "Such and such a one is there on guard, there is no need to fear further heed," has left his watch, or quailed before the foe, or the loss, perhaps the total ruin, of the cause he had made his choice. —J. H. Shorthouse.

It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more on a man than he can bear. Worry is the rust on the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. —H. W. Beecher.

What does it matter after all? Humble as it may be, my path is my own. Lowly as may be my lot, it is what God has given me. Faint as may be its accents, my voice has its own accent. Be of good cheer, my soul! Love, adore, labor! The glory of God is over all; in a blade of grass as well as in the stars. Be of good cheer; heaven opens its portals to all who ever feel that they have wings. Be of good cheer; spread out your wings, and lift yourself upwards! —Madame de Gasparin.

It is a painful thing, this pruning work, this cutting off of the over-luxuriant shoots, in order to call back the wandering juices into the healthier and more living parts. In religion it is described thus: "Every branch in Me that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." The keen edge of God's pruning-knife cuts sheer through. No weak tenderness stops Him where love seeks goodness, not comfort, for His servants. —F. W. Robertson.

O, love is weak
Which counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each word fond words
A joy to seek.

When love is strong,
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceeds
Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strifes belong.

So much we miss
If love is weak, so much we gain
If love is strong; God thinks no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain
To teach us this.

If we are really, and always, and equally ready to do either, the King appoints all the trials and vexations arising from any change in His appointments, great or small, simply do not exist. If He appoints me to work there, shall I lament that I am not to work here? If He appoints me to wait indoors to-day, am I to be annoyed because I am not to work out-of-doors? If I mean to write His messages this morning, shall I grumble because He sends interrupting visitors, rich or poor, to whom I am to speak, then, or "show kindness" for His sake, or at least obey His command, "Be courteous?" If all my "members" are ready at His disposal, why should I be put out if to-day's appointment is some simple work for my hands or errands for my feet, instead of some seemingly more important doing of head or tongue? —Frances Ridley Havergal.

There is a certain amount of suffering which must follow the rending of the great

corde of life, suffering which is natural and inevitable; it cannot be argued down; it cannot be stilled; it can no more be soothed by any effort of faith and reason than the pain of a fractured limb, or the agony of fire on the living flesh. All that we can do is to brace ourselves to bear it, calling on God, as the martyrs did in the fire, and resigning ourselves to let it burn on. We must be willing to suffer, since God so wills. There are just so many waves to go over us, just so many arrows of stinging thought to be shot into our soul, just so many faintings and sinkings and revivings only to suffer again, belonging to and inherent in our portion of sorrows; and there is a work of healing that God has placed in the hands of Time alone. Time heals all things at last; yet it depends much on us in our sufferings, whether Time shall send us forth healed, indeed, but maimed and crippled and callous, or whether, looking to the great Physician of sorrows, and co-working with Him, we come forth stronger and fairer even for our wounds. —Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Observe, how in all the works of creation around us, and in the nature of man, there is an agreement between the inner need and cry, and the outer provision. There is everywhere in life an effort at advance, and a preparation to welcome and answer it. The seed hidden beneath the clod has its brooding secret which cries for help to disclose itself, and to reach the perfection of its nature; and the voices of the spring are soliciting it above, the showers, the soft breezes, the gentle influences of the sky. Everywhere there is seed and climate, and every climate matures its own seed. Or observe the eye, with its delicate and complicated organism, and the light of day so sweet, so pleasant, like some angelic minister leading it out through all the fields of earth and heaven. There are, in our daily life, hunger and bread, thirst and water, the breathing frame and the vital air, and the manifold necessities and supplies which are like prayers and answers in every place and through all time. And beneath us, there are the innumerable instincts of the smaller creatures, so strange oftentimes, so mysterious, yet not one of them made to be disappointed, as if their necessities were a look and cry to an unfeeling hand, "These wait all on Thee." —Rev. John Ker, D. D.

AN AUTUMN DAY IN CAMBRIDGE.

BY MISS ANNA BREWER.

It was a rare day in October, the air soft and balmy, the sky deep blue, the trees brilliant with their scarlet, crimson, golden and brown leaves. We rode out from Boston into Cambridge. Crossing Charles River bridge, we gazed over the river to the fine Boston residences beyond, and recalled a description we once read by that genial publisher, James T. Fields, who delighted to sit at his library windows, in one of these homes, reading his favorite authors, occasionally pausing to look out on the pleasant view before him. We wondered if this was not the bridge Longfellow speaks of in that familiar poem of his so often read and sung, commencing—

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose over the city
Behind the dark church tower."

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears."

And we pictured the poet as he stood watching the "waters rushing among the wooden piers," and hearing in the distance the solemn sound of the clocks on the city churches "striking the hour." In those still moments he tells us how his heavy burden of sorrow seemed to fall from him, and how he departed to his home resolved to deeply sympathize with the sorrows of others and cease to murmur because of his own.

A short ride brought us to the home of the poet Lowell, a fine, old-fashioned residence, known as "Elmwood," situated in the midst of ample grounds, shaded by grand old trees. Just beyond we beheld the stately colonial homestead occupied by Washington during his stay in Cambridge in old revolutionary days. This home was purchased by Longfellow. Here he lived that ideal domestic life with his beautiful wife and bright children; here, too, he spent the long, lonely years after Mrs. Longfellow's death, when his family and friends sought by delicate, loving ministrations to cheer and sustain him.

We passed by the handsome buildings of the Episcopal Divinity School, and rode on to Mount Auburn cemetery. We alighted at the gate and entered the sacred enclosure. All was still and peaceful. The lovely chapel was wreathed with ivy turned to bright scarlet and deep crimson, and the paths were covered with fallen leaves. In a thoughtful mood we wandered on, visiting the last resting-place of eminent men and women as we passed by them. We noticed the grave of that brilliant lawyer, Rufus Choate; of that splendid and pure Senator, Charles Sumner; of noble Margaret Fuller; and lingered long by the graves of Longfellow and Agassiz. Over Longfellow's grave is placed a heavy rose-garden tombstone, resembling a sarcophagus. It seemed to us a singularly inappropriate emblem of the poet's character. We had expected to see the mound above his grave covered with trailing vines, and a pure white monument, pointing upward, ornamented with delicately carved flowers, marking the resting-place of our favorite American poet, who sang of noble men, of faithful, charming women, of nature and art, of home life and love. Only a rough granite rock marks the grave of that large-hearted Swiss naturalist, Agassiz. Mrs. Agassiz tells us in her biography of her husband that it seemed to her the most appropriate way of marking the last resting-place of one who clung to nature with all the intense love of a child for his mother.

From the stone tower, on Laurel Hill, a glorious prospect spread out before us—the city of Boston, and the surrounding hills shining in the bright sunlight with all the gorgeous coloring of the autumn foliage. Those exultant, uplifting emotions one usually experiences when gazing on some wide, extended view filled our minds and hearts; and the brilliant sight we looked upon will not fade from our memories.

On our return from Mount Auburn, we visited Harvard College. The fine bronze statue of Rev. John Harvard near Memorial Hall represents a young clergyman sitting in a meditative mood. His face is refined, intellectual and pure, and he holds his Bible as though he had just been reading from the sacred pages. This thoughtful young minister has the honor of having founded the first university in our nation. We visited the stately Memorial Hall, consecrated to the memory of Harvard graduates and students who laid down their lives to preserve the Union, walked around the grounds observing

the different college buildings, and entered the Agassiz Museum. How glad we were we had very carefully read the life of this noble scientist, whom every one loved for his fine, generous nature even more than for his great mind. This Museum is his crowning work. Safely locked in glass cases are the specimens he diligently searched for all his lifetime, and in various apartments one can study comparative zoology from the lowest to the highest forms of life. Like the celebrated naturalist, as we studied these thousands of specimens, from the tiniest fish up to man, we felt like silently worshipping the divine Creator.

We slowly strolled over the college grounds, and recalled the names of statesmen, clergymen, jurists, teachers, who had graduated from this place in by-gone years, had lived honored lives, and done much to bring the republic to its present important position among the nations of the earth. Any patriotic American points with pride to this grand old seat of learning and to the many famous Americans educated within its walls.

The sun is setting beyond the western hills, and the shades of evening slowly gather; we make ready to ride home, and on our way we pleasantly spend the time in recalling all we have seen and enjoyed.

Lynn, Mass.

ABOUT WOMEN.

—There are now about forty ordained women ministers in the Universalist Church.

—Madame Venturi, the friend of Mazzini, is the only woman reporting the trial of Charles Stewart Parnell before the London law courts. She is the correspondent of several Continental journals.

—Mrs. Nathan Appleton, of Boston, is at the head of a movement to raise funds for a statue of Washington, to be presented to the French government by the women of America.

—Anne Lewis, of Galveston, Texas, has patented a bobbin-winder for sewing-machines. This invention covers a novel construction, combination, and arrangement of parts, constituting a new and improved attachment for sewing machines for winding bobbins.

—Mrs. Margaret E. Parker of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has gone into the work of importing servants for California families. She recently arrived in San Francisco from England with thirty-three English women, from 25 to 40 years of age, for whom she had no difficulty in getting good places. She has already brought about one hundred young women to this country and found employment for them.

—The Women's Educational and Industrial Rooms in this city will be open every Sunday from December until April, from noon until 2 p. m. Hot coffee will be served. Women can bring their lunches there, and wait over to churches or afternoon meetings.

—Miss Marietta Holley ("Josiah Allen's wife") is fitting up a new house for herself in Adams, N. Y., in which provision is made for the accommodation of ten or twelve guests, to be selected from the sewing-girls of New York city, during the summer months. She expects to entertain four or five sets of them in succession.

—The wedding dress of Miss Kendrick, now Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, was as simple as it was becoming, and consisted of gray camel's hair and silk of the same color. It was cut high in the neck and relieved by a white tie. Her bonnet was of dark gray velvet, with white bows and strings, its only ornament a jeweled pin to hold it in place.

—Miss Amelia Edwards, LL. D., in her lecture on "Woman in Ancient Egypt," in Dundee, Scotland, is described by a correspondent as of medium height and of unassuming demeanor—a modest, lady-like woman in a black silk dress of somewhat old-fashioned cut, whom one would never for a moment connect with scientific and antiquarian scheme like the Egyptian Exploration Fund. Her face was pleasant to look on, lighted up by intelligence and dominated by a square broad forehead, from which the gray hair was swept back in a full wave.

—Miss Jane Morgan, the sister of Miss Middle Morgan, the well-known live-stock reporter, is an artist, and with her own hand has decorated the interior of the unique house built for Miss Middle on Staten Island. One room calls for particular attention. It is rough plastered, and while this place was wet Miss Jane stuck the ceiling with the claws of lobsters, crabs, and the shells of clams. The dado is decorated with the hoofs of "trots" of pigs carefully woven into wreaths, the centres of which are satin rosettes.

—The Boston Advertiser says: "A new feature of life in Boston, and a pleasing feature too, is the business girl. She is not afraid of a man and doesn't bother her head about catching one. She dresses faultlessly, looks her prettiest, has a soft voice, but does not flirt during business hours. She comes in on the steam or horse cars and shows her good sense by taking a crowd as a matter of course, and does not disturb others with disagreeable, petulant ways when she has to stand. She is like a man in two things: First, she dresses like a man, and never appears to think of her clothes again until she changes them; second, she regards men as they do each other, in perfect equality and with perfect confidence."

TIME'S WAREHOUSE.

"WHAT in the world can I get for my Christmas presents?" thought I, weighing my slender purse in my hand, and uselessly wishing that each penny I held were convertible into a bright gold coin, shining with delight at the joy it was to give.

"What can I get that shall be cheap to buy, yet costly to offer, and rare and wonderful to possess? Ah me! Would that all that had ever been mine to give of old, all that I could have parted with for others' pleasure in by-gone days, were but laid before me again, to choose my gifts from now!"

And giving my poor purse a contemptuous shake in scorn of its silliness, I flung myself on the bed, and had just settled in my mind what the gift was that I would like best of all to give to my heart's dearest, when a little trap-door opened unexpectedly beneath me, and I fell plump through into Dreamland. At least I first fancied it was Dreamland, but I soon saw that I was in a great shop, a vast one-chambered room, brilliantly lighted with wax candles and glittering balls, and with articles of every conceivable description hung everywhere about on queer little forked hooks, and on green rails, while a most delicious odor, like the concentrated essence of a whole pine forest, filled the apartment to the tip.

Immediately upon my entrance, the proprietor stepped forward to meet me, lifting his glossy fur cap with one hand. A dear little man he was—short and round and rosy, with the merriest of faces imaginable, and a pair of such loving, laughing, twinkling eyes!

"I'm Santa Claus, at your service," said he, in a voice for all the world like a jingle of silver bells. "I am glad you have found me. This is where I do my wholesale business, the only establishment in the universe, and a fine one it is too! What would you be pleased to have?"

would buy for themselves. Pray, with what may I serve you?"

"Why, really," said I timidly, "my purse is very light, and everything you have looks so costly!"

"Oh, bless you!" interrupted Santa Claus, with a spicy little laugh bubbling in his red lips; "how can my goods be anything but costly? You see, my dear, when they are one and all made by Love? An able workman he is indeed, and the only one I employ. At work, too, day and night. He never rests."

"Perhaps, then, Love can make me my gifts," said I, "for I don't see them here."

"To be sure, to be sure," exclaimed Santa Claus briskly, rubbing his plump, old hands together. "There is nothing in creation save the impossible (which isn't in creation) that Love cannot do. What is it you want?"

"Many things," replied, sighing, "I want a little hour that I may spend with a great many years ago, to give now to a dying friend. And I want a pleasure that I squandered in youth, to give now to one old in sorrow. And I want a kind word once neglected to say, a smile once shut, and a careless I once forborne to give, that I may bestow them all now upon one whose heart hungers for love. I have had them all. They were all mine once. But I lost them; and now I would fain procure them again to give to one dearer to me than life itself, who would hold all the gifts of earth in your keeping, surely you can find me these among them."

But Santa Claus was grown very grave as I spoke, my sad, that look were possible to his dear old smile-wrinkled face. "I am afraid, after all, that you have come to the wrong place," said he, slowly. "I have nothing old or second-hand by me. Love's gifts, whatever they be, are always new. However, come with me to Love's workshop, and let him say."

And immediately I found myself seated beside Santa Claus in a tiny, fur-lined sleigh, and he snapped the whip with a brisk, glad sound, like the cheerful crackle of pop-corn over a fire, and the sleigh began to move. His happy heads, and away we flew miles and miles over the crisp snow, till suddenly I came right out of the ice and the cold into a flower-warm, sun-warm garden. Or rather, at first I thought it a garden, till looking closer I saw that it was really in a workshop, only the machinery was all most curiously made of flowers, with great fragrant wreaths going round and round like wheels, connected with each other by a wonderful network of creeping vines and trailing mosses. Then I saw no noise, no jar, no confusion, no discord; nothing but that perpetual rush of perfume through the air, and a dropping of ripe rose-leaves to one's feet, and a sweet, glad silence throughout. In the midst of it all sat one alone at work, and he was Santa Claus (of Love), and I felt glad that I was being near him, and stood a while watching him at work. Very, very skillful was he indeed, for he wrought marvels with the commonest materials, turning everything that he touched into something of value. He was his smile falling on them as he worked that lent them their magic, for surely nowhere have I ever seen such wonderful gifts as those which I there saw made by Love.

"I said Love," I said. "You are so soft a worker, can you not fashion me these little gifts that I seek?"

And I told him my needs; but alas! as I spoke, his sweet face clouded, and he shook his bright head gently and very sorrowfully. "Alas!" he said, and his voice was like rarest music or like flowers shaken into speech: "I work with the present and future only—not with the past. I can make new things out of old, and fair things out of the plain and poor; but I cannot find the lost, nor remake the gone. I cannot restore to you the lost hour, the squandered joy, the forgotten cares. You must go for these to the great Warehouse of Time."

"And where is that?" I asked, with falling courage.

"At the end of all things," said Love sadly, and my spirit quailed.

"How can I venture so far?" I asked helplessly, but Love only smiled.

"What will you not venture with Love for your guide, and where may not Love go?" said he; and I was afraid no longer.

And so I followed him forth, and was led for hour after hour and day after day, till I came to a place where the light and the sun were more where I was. And then I found myself in a vast gray space, limitless and vague, with Time himself standing cold and stern and relentlessly by my side, while all around were the phantoms of dead years, and the phantoms of things that had been.

"O Time," I said, "Lost Time, have I caught up with you at last?"

"At last," he said.

"And what of mine have you gathered into your stores, O Time?" I asked, and drew back from him with a nameless dread, for he froze me with his breath. "Have you found that tiny hour that I flung away one day, for lack of thought to do it?"

"Yes," said Time; "I gather up all the lost minutes as they fall, to bury in the graveyard of the years."

"And that delight that I let slip through my hands because there were so many to hold—have you found that, too?"

"Yes," said Time; "I catch all the fleet pleasures as they pass, to store amid the sorrows."

"And that one kiss that I did not give because I could give so many more—oh, have you found that, too?"

"I have," said Time. "I hold all the It-might-have-beens as threads in my hand, to weave upon the loom Despair."

"And the kind word that I left unsaid—the dear smile that I forgot to meet, are they, too, both here?"

"They are," said Time. "Into my eternal keeping drop all Life's richest jewels."

"Oh, then, give me them again!" I cried. "I need them, oh, so sorely! Give me them back to me!"

"Nay," said Time. "They were yours once to have and to hold, and you cast them from you, and now they are mine forever."

"But then I knew not their preciousness!" I cried. "And now I know, and I will make good citizens. Withhold it, and the chances are ten to one against them." —Methodist Advance.

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

BY MARIE DALE.

Cautious and slow
Drops the first snow;
From a cold gray sky;
Soon it whistles about,
And receives with a float
Pinched poverty's cry.

To the bare trees
It clings, to freeze
To a wrap of ice;
And the swift, free river
Is checked with a shiver,
And gripped with a vice.

Soon the whole town
Wears a white crown.
On roof, lane and street,
Big snow clouds caught by wind,
E'en as though they had sinned,
Are lashed into sleet.

Hugging the docks
In their stiff frocks
 Stout ships safely swing;
On deck, huge mounds of snow;
Beneath, with warmth aglow,
 Sailors yarn and sing.

But on the rocks
With mighty shocks,
Others blindly ride;
While wild gales fiercely strip
Their decks, and strong seas rip
Their hulls gaping wide.

On the far plains
The cattle-trains
Press hard, but in vain,
To find the covering trail;
Bones only tell the tale
When flowers bloom again.

By his warm fire
Dreams the rich squire
As the tempests war;
But he doesn't ever give
To help those who must live
Where many dangers are.

BEAUTY IN WOMAN'S FACE.

"NO cosmetics are so capable of enhancing beauty as the smile of good temper and a desire to please," says the author of "The Five Talents of Woman."

"Beauty of expression is, more than any other form of loveliness, capable of cultivation. A woman may not have perfect regular features, but her face will be so lit up with the beauty of goodness that she cannot fall to please, if she strive to obey the spirit of some such rules as the following, which may be multiplied or diminished according to particular cases."

"1. Learn to govern yourself and to be gentle and patient."

"2. Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation and trouble, and often by prayers and a sense of your own shortcomings and errors."

"3. Never speak or act in anger until you have prayed over your words or acts."

"4. Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable."

"5. Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire forbearance and forgiveness yourself."

"6. Never retort a sharp or angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel."</

